Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes;
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their shallow shewes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,
Boy. I will and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings
And we that sell by grosse, the L
Haue not the grace to grace it wi
This Gallant pins the Wenches
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempt
He can carue too, and lispe: Wh
That kist away his hand in courte
This is the Ape of forme, Mounsi
That when he playes at Tables,
In honourable tearmes, nay he c
A meane most meanly, and in V
Mend him who can: the Ladies
The staires as he treads on them
This is the flower that smiles on
To shew his teeth as white as W
And consciences that will not di
Pay him the duty of honie-tong
King. A blister on his sweet
That put *Armathoes* Page out

Ent

Ber. See where it comes. Be
Till this madman shew'd thee?
King. All haile sweet Mada
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foul
King. Construe my speeche
Qu. Then wish me better, I
King. We came to visit you
To leade you to our Court, vo
Qu. This field shall hold me
Nor God, nor I, delights in pe
King. Rebuke me not for th
The vertue of your eye must br
Qu. You nickname vertue
For vertues office neuer breake
Now by my maiden honour, ye
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protes
A world of torments though I
I would not yeeld to be your h